

FEB. 1921

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35 CTS.

BREVITIES

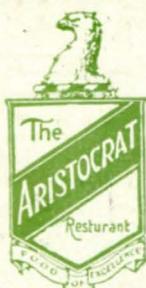


MARION DAVIES

*as seen by E. O. Hoppe, distinguished English artist, who pronounces her
"America's Most Perfect Blonde"*

BEAUTIFUL NEW CATALOGUE READY—ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42

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BROADWAY BREVITIES

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S'POSERS

If you stayed long enough in a crypt would you be cryptic?

If a very fussy private won out with his commander, would that show the superiority of the particular over the general?

If your sweetie shook you for John Dough, would she be answering the "roll" call?

Why doesn't the well-known magazine slogan the well-known hymn, "Life for a Look"?

Wouldn't a better name for the new weekly be "IZ-ZIT'S"?

Do hubbies with extravagant wifies sing "The Sweet Bye and Bye"?

Does a moonshiner ever carol to his cutie: "Thy Blue Eyes Haunt My Still"?

Why the explosion when a reporter asked a visiting countess how long her stays were?

Wouldn't it be just as good to be four-armed as forewarned?

Did they have Prohibition when Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch—but honest, this is too awful, we've got to stop!

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Spanish Specialties—International Cooking



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MAE TRUDE

who is appearing as Hostess in one of New York's smartest restaurants, and has captivated all by her beauty, social accomplishments and charm.



OUR BEAUTIFUL COVER

"Marion Davies is the most beautiful blonde in America, and she possesses every attribute of the 'perfect blonde.'" Thus E. O. Hoppe, the noted English artist, now in New York. The "perfect blonde" must possess, saith Mr. Hoppe:

1. Eyes that are spiritually over physically beautiful.
2. Skin like the English girl's. (This should be "peach blossomy" in color and "rose petal-ish" in texture.)
3. Her mouth should be cupid bow.
4. Her proportions should be girlish.
5. Her hair should be abundantly liquid gold.

Miss Davies possesses all these. Therefore, she has the preeminent distinction of being—"the perfect blonde."

Marion Davies is a Brooklyn maid, 20 years old. She made her debut on the musical comedy stage about three years ago, later becoming a Ziegfeld girl, more recently starring in elaborate film productions. She lives with her parents at 331 Riverside Drive, New York, her father being Judge Bernard J. Douras. Her latest picture release was "The Restless Sex" from Robert W. Chambers' novel, and "Buried Treasure" from the F. Britten Austen story will be her Cosmopolitan Famous-Players release for April.

B E N E F I T S

As "Benefits" are the very newest spring style, we venture to suggest a few worthy causes apparently overlooked. Why not as soon as possible pull off Benefits for

The Single-toothed Old Ladies Association of Limburger Cheese Perforators

The United Bastings Pullers Union

The Amalgamated Bus-boy Restaurant Sweepers

The Society of Ancient and Dried Kentucky Colonels

The Husband's Albany Night-boat Under Cover Club

The Drugstore Sass and Soda Sodality

The Back-door Sweetie Sprinters

The Street-corner Bums and Loafers Brigade

The Brooklyn United Snoozers and Trolley-Dodgers

The Chorus Fig-Leaf and Lysol Union

The Affiliated Gypers and Gold-Diggers

Broadway Limericks

There was a wee girlie named Clary,
 With ways that were sorta contrary,
 Who was asked to a flat
 But replied: "No, not **that!**"—
 Now she's back on her job at the dairy.

There was an old geezer named Booze
 Whose friendship we thought we'd ne'er lose,
 But along came the Anti's
 With a kick on the panties—
 Now it's moonshine or jail for the stews.

There was a young dame in the merries
 Who cared very little for cherries,
 After Old Bank Roll Gus
 She ran off with a "bus"—
 Now she sells salted nuts down at Jerry's.

There was an old "agent" named Harry
 Dating back to the days of Du Barry,
 For a "special edition"
 He sent B.B. fishin'—
 We'll be dead when we get it, by garry!

There was a gazook named Gazookum
 Who swore that no woman could fluke him,
 But at sour sixty-eight
 When he'd run out of bait—
 He fell for a cute little snookum.

There was a young song-bird named Zaybee,
 Who was one most enchanting young babee,
 But when forced to the clinic
 Her Johns they got cynic—
 Now, when asked if they're well, they say "Maybel!"

There's a grand uproar star named "Our Mary"
 With ways most confounded contrary,
 Now she's boss of the job
 And if any poor slob
 Dares to sass her, he's sure some canary.

MASHERS CLASSIFIED

The Subway Nudger	The Restaurant Wriggler
The Soda Fountain Smirker	The Elevator Winker
The Sidewalk Grinner	The Street-car Tickler
The Dance-Floor Snuggler	The Air-shaft Winker
The Telephone Kidder	The Taxi Squeezers
The Office Osculator	

LOOKING 'EM OVER



MYSTERIES

How Babe King keeps it up.
 Billie Wilson's age.
 Grace La Rue's top notes.
 Dorothy Jardon's break on opening.
 Miles Price's spats.
 Beatrice Carlyle's bank acct.
 F. P. A.'s ice-cream sodas.
 Hey Broun's delusions of grandeur.
 Aileen Stanley's piano-player.
 Date of birth of Nora Bayes.
 Pearl Regay's nerve.
 Frankie Bailey's legs.
 The \$4.00 gin.
 Stage-Mothers.
 The "Seeing Chinatown" hicks.
 Yvonne Reichmann's endurance.
 Harry Weber's ego.
 Joan Sawyer's make-up.
 The bunch at Gossler's.

* * *

Good Bye to the Soup and Fish!

They are telling a funny story along the Great Dry Way of a "dress suit." It appears an actor, rather down on his luck, loaned from one of the famous producers of the West 42d territory his choicest evening dress outfit for some special occasion. Not hearing from the unfortunate Thespian for a month, the celebrated producer called up his home, got his wife on the wire, and stated he would be much obliged if Mr. —, her hubby, would kindly return the evening clothes he had borrowed. "Oh, Mr. W—" she said, "you don't mean to say that suit was yours. Why, poor John died last week and we buried him in it!"

* * *

Lamping the Leapers

That was some leaping Sadie Matz was doing the other night at Pelham Heath. Oh, boy! You'd have thought it was a Monday hosiery exhibit at Racy's. But why so quiet-like, Estelle? You looked like you had lost something. Can't you keep in step with the new man?

"Who Buys a Minute's Mirth to Wail a Week?"

In the Bronx courts last week came up the case of the poor little ticket-seller girl, whose death from an operation about a year ago revealed another of the tragedies ever lurking behind the lights and merriment of Broadway. You recall the case, of course—how the girl was gotten in an unfortunate condition by the manager of the m. p. theatre where she was employed and later died from a criminal operation. It now turns out that the doctor in the affair had also mistreated the girl when she first was sent to him for examination, which fact was revealed in her ante-mortem statement. So both despoiler and doctor have to answer the indictment. But what can serve to assuage the grief and shame of the parents, sisters and brothers?

* * *

"Dance-Crazy"

In an article in the *Times*, V. Blasco Ibanez states that Paris is "dance-crazy." How about New York, kind sir? It's not crazy—it's apparently just stark, staring mad. In reviewing Dr. Stratton's warnings against dancing, we have already printed our belief that civilization has no more deadly enemy than dancing. When the brains are in the feet, or gradually move there, God help every quality that separates man from the grinning apes.

* * *

Too Much "Lobby Display" or the Tale of a Flat

The next time Rex B— is besought by two strangers in a Broadway hotel lobby to find them "a couple of nice gals" he will start running and never stop. Rex was standing around one of these places the other afternoon,

listlessly watching the afternoon bunch of cash-extractors sprinting back and forth from the wash-room, when two well-dressed chaps, hailing themselves from Albany, for "a good time," made of him the request contained in the opening overture of our tale. Well, what would an obliging fellow do under the circumstances but try to fix the strangers up? Just imagine yourself in Albany—it's cruel to suggest it of course—under like circumstances, not knowing a single soul, how glad you would be if someone would tip you off to a snuggy lil flat with a brace of wrens in it! Sure. Well, Rex soon got the travelers fixed up and went along to make the introductions. But—a couple of very large buts—the two travelers were no other than plain-clothesmen, and the fust thing Rex knew he was on his way with the dames in one of the city's free buses. We'll say it's enough to turn the milk of human kindness as sour as a subway guard at six p. m.

* * *

Shadowed by Shadows

Girlie's, if you're bound in the holy fetters of wedlock, and go calling on a sweetie, be sure not only to pull down the blinds, but look out for "shadow pictures." This little *lapsus memorae* got pretty Mrs. James W. Hawkins, of Brooklyn, in a nice mess the other night. She was enjoying one of those cute, hide-away *tête-à-têtes* with home-wrecking George Stinson, of Jamesport, L. I., at 252 East Nineteenth Street, Brooklyn, when sleuths on the street in the employ of hubby began to see "shadow pictures" on the curtains. They climb a ladder, pushed up the window and threw flashlights on the room. What they saw would make you entirely too nervous to hear, so we refrain, but anyway Mrs. H. made a wild flight from the room. Justice Aspinall will pencil out the betting odds a little later.

* * *

When Thieves Fall Out!

Can't the gold-diggers be reasonable once in a while? Instead of spilling the beans just when everything looks comfy for a nice clean-up? This profound reflection is inspired by a recent little afternoon tea incident at one of the Broadway hotels. The party was composed of three exhausted business men, with comfortable rolls and three maidens grabbed up in the lobby in sort of accidental fashion. Well, dur-

ing the pouring of the Orange Pekoe two of the good men smuggled a hundred dollar note under their sweeties' plates, the third giving his little cutie a twenty. When the girdles came back from rinsing their hands, it was plain that they were in a state of acute dissension, and as a matter of fact they had battled like blazes in the wash-room over the unequal allotment of the spoils, the twenty-dollar kid contending that the total amount should be split fifty-fifty. The party from that time on was about as harmonious as a one-armed restaurant at four a. m. As soon as the good men learned the cause of the discord, a quick get-away took place, probably leaving the dames to ruminate on the folly of being penny-wise and clean-up foolish.

* * *

Little Birdie on the Talmadge Wedding

Echoes of the Connie Talmadge nuptials still continue to resound in the ravines of Broadway, rife with contradictions, guesses and wise-cracking insinuations. It is established on fairly good authority, however, that her mating with the son of the Grecian Isles, coincident with the sinking of her long-time fervent cavalier, Irving B—, is not and was not altogether what one would call a love match. Indeed, mumma Talmadge expressed in print her opinion that little daughter "might have done better." It is a very well-substantiated rumor that Mrs. T. who is said, despite all contrary denials, to be of Jewish extraction, wished her ewe lamb to marry one of that faith, even if the other side of the house is, as also rumored, of Irish lineage. All describe the bridegroom as a splendid manly fellow, hugely in love with his young and beautiful wife. Strangely enough no manifesto has been yet issued by the jettisoned magician of rag-time, and whether he is regarding the nuptials with suave equanimity or camouflaged misery is likely a matter that will remain secret.

* * *

Chicago Jottings (By our special cor.)

Our village has been all hornswoggled up recently. Seems a play actress here called Sophie Tucker, who does sweet songs and some high jinks in our town hall, has been causing quite a furroar 'mong the folks, and by heck, doesn't a lot of the town boys git to courtin' her—b'gosh your cor.



**DIXIE
O'NEIL**

*the one and only, who goes to Paris soon to appear at
CIRO'S in the gay capital.*

wouldn't turn up his nose at this pretty gal nuther. Waal, this here town father, by name of Dorsey Crowe, he gits all het up over Sophie, and durn me pumpkins if another young squirt by name of Fred Barnes don't do the same, and it's been some chase. Waal, b'gosh, your cor. has gut to say that she just don't notice nuther of them much, and there's sayings round she's to pack her duds soon and hike to New York. Seems she's 'spectin' to take charge of some big cabaret place there, and by pumpkins your cor. will take the railway train over some time to see her, for she's one fine **zoftig** gal.

* * *

Everyone along Broadway is now talking of a new 72nd Street eating place that has suddenly jumped into popularity. We went up to see for ourselves the other day, and found that it was the rendezvous of some of the most particular and distinguished diners in the city, and also that it is becoming the favorite stop-off place of professionals on their way home. Most centrally located, the ARISTOCRAT RESTAURANT, 120 West 72nd Street, near Columbus, is almost everything you would desire in variety of fine food, polite service and beautiful appointments. The owners told us that so insistent had requests become that they had decided to remain open hereafter until 2 a.m. to accommodate the host of professionals who wished to have a bite there en route uptown. You have a real pleasure coming if you pay THE ARISTOCRAT a visit, and you'll see lots of celebrities you have heard about.

* * *

A Basso Obscenis!

Little birdie, that flies here, there and everywhere on Broadway for BREVITIES, sticking its wee bill in the most unexpected corners, comes in with its tiny wings fluttering. To recount the laughable tale of a French basso not long on these bone-dry shores. 'Tis a romantic tale, too, for it seems that Henri had visited our strand years before—to wit, as a babe in swaddles, when the ship on which he and his gentle *mere* were approaching the coast ran into an awful gale, went down, *ma mere* drowned—and little Henri miraculously washed ashore, whether with Pears soap the narrative sayeth not. Very well, on the basso's recent return, after an absence of yawhs and yawhs, and with

little or no knowledge of the American language, he conceived the idea of a special song in that tongue wherein to please his audiences. So a skilled composer wrote a song, founded on the touching tragedy of his babyhood. When Henri rendered it he wondered as to the titter that ran through his audience:

Long years ago, on your rock-bound coast

When the sullen waves dashed hard and fast,
Our ship went down in the watery depths

My mother and I lashed to a mast.
Upon that angry surge we tossed—
Alas! my dear mother I saw no more,

For the waters swallowed her beauteous form

While I was washed on the wreck-strewn shore.

Cho.

For a son of the beach am I,
My mother she in the depths doth lie

To come forth only at judgment's cry—

For a son of the beach am I.

* * *

"Ring Out," Wild Belle!

Just a little social faux-paux at a place called Kelly's, somewhere down town, or West of Suez. Time, the other evening. *Dramatis personae*, one "Grace" and her "gen'man friend." Well, it seems that sweetie loaned his diamond ring to the dame to wear for the evening, and that both were very full of anti-Volstead beverage, and as time wore on they got fullernfuller, and diamond ring was flashing, and gen'man fren's roll wos coruscating, and mirth was unrefined, and evening was passing along and—bing! No, not cannon, just sudden exit of the sparkler and of sweetie's roll. Wild flight to the street, where the carburetor or something on gen'man frens' boiler was froze, and there you are—we mean, there they were. That's all we heard.

* * *

Thrilling and also pathetic, in all its phases and aspects has been the descent of an ex-vaudeville star, as well-known to Broadway as the clock on the Pekin building. What looks like the last act of the tragi-comedy came to pass two or three days before Christmas, when the little girl was ejected from an apartment in the Fifties she had occupied, through sun-

shine and showers, for three or more years. Although the finis had been predicted for a long time by the soothsayers of Times Square, it came with the same suddenness that marks most human catastrophes.

* * *

They've Got to Lug 'Em to the Altar Doped, In Chi!

It's all very fine to take up candy-eating seriously as a substitute for the vanished booze—did we say vanished?—but when bonbons are diverted to ulterior purposes, it doesn't seem exactly sweet. One of these disconcerting ulterior practices was revealed the other day by the unhappy Edward E. Ryan. Edward was seeking from Judge Sabath of the Superior Court of Chi an annulment of marriage from Thelma Jessweirn Ryan. Ryan probably reminded the judge that while Christ had been betrayed by three pieces of silver, he had been betrayed by four pieces of candy. The woman tempted him—and he ate. Listen to his story before the Judge: "I noticed that each piece was crushed a little, but thought nothing of it at the time. Soon after that I got very drowsy. Miss Jessweirn called a cab, put me in and took me to Crown Point Inn. I slept all the way down there. When we arrived she got a license and then dragged me before a justice of the peace and we were married." Sounds amusing, but a bit fishy in spots. Do the Illinois laws allow the woman to secure a license without any knowledge or signature by the man?

* * *

Oh, Woman, Womeng!

List what Sammy Thrasher, of the Windy City Rotary Club sputters about you. Says the thrushful Thrasher: "One of the chief causes of the vice conditions as you find them is due to the undeveloped mentalism on the part of the woman. I am not speaking as a psychopathic expert, but I am of the opinion that at least 80% of the women of questionable character are mentally subnormal. That is to say, that I have in mind an imaginary line which might be labelled "normal mentality." Eighty per cent. of these women are below that line; some are far below. Sounds reasonable to anyone who knows his Broadway from 1888 to 1921.

* * *

DIDN'T

you notice a sort of gloom at the popular Folies Bergere for a few nights

recently? It was soon explained. Grace Manning, their charming hostess, was away, ill with laryngitis. BREVITIES is happy to report that she's back again, welcomed by her numberless admirers.

* * *

"ALL

the professionals on Broadway seem to be crowding in here at midnight" said Manager Shefrin, of the celebrated SHEFRIN'S PURE FOOD SHOP, 81st and Columbus, the other day. And we don't wonder, judging by the appetizing look of this spotless and cosy place. In the rear Mr. Shefrin has the cutest little coffee parlors, supervised by Handsome Max, who knows everybody and waits on you to perfection.

* * *

WHO

was it originated the saying, "Adele Hats go to the head?" Run in and ask Adele herself, at 160 West 45th, and we think you'll have one go to your own head. Adele is certainly a winner on smart millinery, all her own design.

* * *

Did You Ever Feel That Way?

Friend of ours who has a girl at 189th Street in the Bronx, who hates street cars, has been pestering us for an introduction to the scientist who has perfected a gun that will shoot to the moon!...Take your time.

* * *

Is it true that Ruth Mitchell, of "Hitchy-Koo" is soon to be joined in the sacred bonds of padlock? And to an attorney, too?

* * *

Why does Milton S— call up all the pretty dames and impersonate Rufus L— when so doing? Why not try it on your own, Milty?

* * *

An Old One, But We'll Take a Chance

Three girls are discussing the professions to which they would love their future husbands to belong. One says: "I'd want to marry a plumber, so I'd get my plumbing for nothing." Another said: "I'd like to marry a doctor, so I'd be well for nothing." The third said: "I want to marry a minister, so I can be good for nothing."

* * *

Maybe Marjorie Earle would not particularly care to have her name in BREVITIES, so we won't put it in.

As "Mitzi" is being carried out in the gift-chest, second act of her show, she exclaims, "Where's my pants?" Could this be called a trunk line?

* * *

Everyone remarks on the marked resemblance of Mary Nash to Gerry Farrar, in the second act of "Thy Name is Woman."

* * *

Wonder if Riccardo Martin took the suite he was looking at in the CAPITOL apartments the other afternoon? Incidentally, Riccardo isn't doing much singing of late. Did we say singing?

* * *

Wasn't that a nerve-paralyzing moment when Allan Forrest and Lottie Pickford were met at the "deepo" in Los Angeles by Mary Pickford? Wouldn't you say off-hand that "Our Mary" had a heart as limitless as a waiter's palm?

* * *

Checking Up on the "Stage Mother"

Our vermillion contemporary, FILM TRUTH, whose business appears to be that of shooting holes in the fakirs of the film industry, pays a lot of merited attention to the "Film Mummas." These film mummas are sister to that frightful organism known as "Stage Mothers." FILM TRUTH wittily says that a studio ma is The Spirit of Unrest. We always thought that The Spirit of Homicide must hover over the Stage Mothers. By and large they constitute as great an association of pests as the insects of the old Bartholdi Inn—a nuisance even to their own ewe lambs, the terror of producers, managers and stage-directors. Usually hard of visage, of an unrelenting senility, and of a Blue Law virtue, they are afflicted with what the French aptly call the idea fixe—this fixed idea being that each and every producer, manager, stage-director, stage-hand, chorus-man, orchestra-leader, call-boy and doortender is lying in wait to filch away the "pure womanhood" of their offspring. If they only knew the futility of standing sentry over virtue—if their cerebrums were powerful enough to digest the cold hard fact that if a woman **wills** she **will**—they'd stay home in their \$15.00 back parlor on West 46th and let Gertie do her own marketing. As another matter of cold fact, if Gertie has any brains worth mentioning she can get much more un-

attended, for she can dangle her "pure-womanhood" in front of the supposedly lecherous impresario so tantalizingly as to land him hook, line and sinker. With "mumma" around, his only mental calculation is as to the comparative deadly effects of chloride or hyoscyamus on the old woman.

* * *

Irwin Franklyn, "The Demon Solicitor"

Henry Chesterfield, popular Secy. of the N. V. A. Club, is dying to see someone. "And that someone is you" he muses, in the lyric of a once-favorite melody—the "you" specifying a certain non-professional juvenile named Irwin Frumkus (alias Franklyn). Mr. Chesterfield informs BREVITIES that "Franklyn" for some time made the N. V. A. Club his lounging and mail delivery headquarters, until it was discovered that he was guilty of irregularities in sponsoring applications for membership in the famous institution. This, Mr. Chesterfield we are sure would admit, is putting it very mildly. BREVITIES itself happens to have made the acquaintance of "Franklyn," consisting of fake advertising contracts turned in by him, followed recently by a letter sent through Uncle Sam's mails threatening the direst consequences for this harmless family journal if we ventured to expose him. It is however, more in sorrow than in anger that we print this statement for the benefit of others who might listen to his wild and improbable tales of his intimate friendships with Secy. Chesterfield, of N.V.A. above quoted. Tom Brown, Teresa Valerio, Al. Herrman and others. And although BREVITIES has in its possession sufficient exhibits to press the most serious charges, it does not care to do so unless compelled.

* * *

Why does Mildred Soper slouch so? If it were anyone else we would say that she was "expecting."

* * *

THE

United States Photoplay Corpn. are progressing full speed with their massive screen masterpiece "Determination" and expect to have it ready for release in the early spring. It will be, from all accounts, one of the thrills of picture-making in America.

Ernestine Myers, the dancer with the finest figure on the stage, is back in town and the famous publicity man is happy.

* * *

Why did Tot Qualters, on the happy reunion, scratch Henry's face? And then go out twirling with him a few nights later?

* * *

What did Johnny Steinberg mean when he exclaimed: "Hello, Judge; everything under control?"

* * *

Isn't that some song just written by Jimmie LaRocca, leader of Dixieland Jazz Band? It's called, "Once in a While."

* * *

Did you know that Fay Giffen was hitched and living with hubby Eddie Harrison in Hollywood?—N. J., not Cal.

* * *

Is it true there's going to be a weighing-in contest between Beauty Shop Lawson and Old Man Ferris?

* * *

A

remarkable case of hair-growing was described to us the other day by Mme. POLLY. We had remarked on the luxuriant tresses of a young woman sitting in one of the chairs, when Mme. remarked: "Would you believe it if I told you that lady had scarcely any hair on her head a number of weeks ago?" By the efficacy of her special lotions and manipulations a new growth was quickly induced, until the young woman came to the point where she had hair as thick as she wanted. What this means to despairing members of the female race would be hard to express—but Mme. Polly never says anything she can't do.

* * *

"Francis Wilson Night" at the Green Room Club

was a night of superlative enjoyment to us. January 23 was the date. The venerable youngster of "Erminie" and Equity fame was honored with an enthusiasm close to affection.

After the beefsteak, coffee, Volstead and best-bib-and-tucker part of the celebration was over in the packed dining room on the ground floor of the famous Club, repair was made to the theatre on the second floor—there to find an all-star entertainment in the

shape of three original playlets, named respectively "We Have With Us Tonight," "Bound East for Cardiff" and "Antipasto," sauced between by Tom Lewis's laughable monologue, songs by Janet and Jay Velie, card-tricks by J. Warren Keane, banjo songs by Harry Browne, Irish folk ditties by a winsome lass named Eileen Curran, and a pianologue by Hibbard Ayer, the latter disclosing what was probably the punch of the evening in his bass air, "A Son of the Beach am I." (See another page). It was rumored among the Roomers that the one-act masterpiece, "Antipasto" got its name from a favorite dish of its chief character, Luis Alberni, but our official interviewer could not, in the jam, buttonhole Luis long enough to confirm it. All the Roomers, we know, had to let their belts out another notch during its soul-satisfying presentation, and many afterward were seen lurching unsteadily to exits, so powerful had been the emotional surge of the piece Eventually the guest of the evening, Francis Wilson, came to the footlights of the little stage, with an address that was a model of sprightliness, wit and fraternal feeling. And so the happy occasion ended.

Earlier in the evening the diners had the pleasure of a short speech from Frank Bacon, prefaced by some humorous discussions by the Club wag, Herb Corthell.

* * *

Did You Get One?

Sometimes Christmas souvenirs are given away many weeks after that gladsome holiday. This seemed to hold true in the case of a dashing young boxer, married, who paid suit, not wisely but too darned well, to one F— M—, late of Broadway, but now sojourning by the Golden Gate. Why F— is in the land of sun-kissed oranges and slippery gelatine connects up with the opening statement of our story, for it seems that among the remembrances liberally distributed by the lady, one came in the possession of our battling friend, and was unconsciously passed on to his storm and strife, said to be—worse luck!—about to present to the fistic arena a little copy of her liege lord. What an unholly mess this would precipitate, can be more easily imagined than pictured. At any rate, friend hubby is in a fit and proper frame of mind to deliver one of his very choicest

est solar plexus prods to the maiden aforementioned, whose flight to far-away Cal. was probably a life-saving move.

* * *

Who is the N. Y. Life Insurance agent with the famous remark: "That guy's my friend; I'll take his money!"

* * *

Sybil Carmen once lived in Elm-

hurst and now the friendship of the shapely and stunning Beatrice Milner of the "Frolic" entails the long taxicab ride over the Queensboro Bridge to that suburb and it is SOME COLD above Blackwell's Island.

* * *

Everyone welcomes back to New York the admired and popular film star, Violet McMillen.

Why Hat Salesladies Get Squirrels in Their Attic

SCENE: Any Millinery Shop any afternoon.

"Can I look at a hat?"

"What kind do you want?"

"I don't know—red, I think."

"Here's a smart red model."

"I think I'd like a green one."

"Here's a smart green model."

"I think I'd like a black one."

"Here's a smart black model."

"I think I'd like a blue one."

"We haven't anything in blue."

"Pearl, don't you think a gray hat would become me?"

"Gladys, you ought to get a gold toque like Sue Zip's—it's the darlings thing."

"Show me something in toques."

"Here's a nice gold toque."

"No, I think I'd really like a sailor" (**Most of them do**)

"Here's one of our smartest sailor models."

"No, I think I'll look at a turban."

"Now, Gladys, you know how awful that turban looked on Vic at the party last night—reminded me of something the cat dragged in."

"I guess you're right—can you show me a lace hat?"

"Here's one of our newest lace creations."

"Holy lizards! I look like a subway explosion in it."

"Why not try on this Tam and see how it looks?"

"Suffering smelts—take it away!"

"Well, I don't think we have anything else."

"Could you make me a hat?"

"Why, certainly. When would you want it?"

"Well, you see, I have to go to Morristown tomorrow, and the next day, isn't it Pearl, we have that card party at Aunt Em's in Arverne, and the next day—let me see—we've got to go, Pearl, and see that poor fish in Bay Ridge, and Friday we got to have our feet fixed, and Saturday—say, Pearl, do I have to go with you to meet Jimmie at the train, or can I—

(Saleslady has by now fainted dead away, and someone rushes out for aromatic ammonia)



LILLIAN RANDALL

The little "Georgia peach," hostess at famous Cafe de Paris, 48 and Broadway. Her winning manner, beauty and charm have created a big following of admirers. She sure is a credit to her Sunny South.

Shooting the Old Dry-Cleaner on the Month's Laundry

Why doesn't Duncan M—— care for the one who cares for him? A really nice girl, Dunc!

?

What is the other monicker of the "May" that can't make up her mind whether she will follow the m. p. man or the chap in the cloak and suit business? It's either gelatine or velveteen.

?

Isn't that some puss-in-the-corner game that Seymour P—— and Jean — play in bringing in proxy sweeties each night just to make each other more anxious?

?

What is the name of the chap that runs a restaurant on the East Side who puts on the feed-bag in other eateries more frequently than he does in his own place?

?

Wouldn't you think revenue men could carry their liquor better than to fall off chairs in cafes? We saw two of 'em take a header the other night.

?

Is it true that Nijinsky, the famous Russian dancer, is confined in an insane asylum in Spain? Do you recall the sensation of his opening that afternoon at the Metropolitan some seven years ago?

?

Wasn't it funny when one of the members of the "Spanish Love" Co. at the Elliott got in a fight with an L ticket chopper the other night, and after being arrested was forty-eight hours in s. o. s.ing the direful news to his managers? English ought to be made compulsory.

?

What big man from "the street" bought his sweetie a ticket for Florida, put her on the train, and then ran into her at the Palais Royal the same night? Old stuff, but bad.

?

Sad, is it not, about the rift in the lute with Dorothy Clarke, of "Tip Top" and long-devoted admirer, S——, and is it a case of suddenly acquired Ritz on the part of the little gell proceeding from too many social attentions?

?

Virtue is said to be its own reward. But look at the reward.

?

The unheavenly twins—Joan Sawyer and Alice King! They are as chummy as the two halves of a seidlitz powder.

?

Why did Irene Wilson leave her 69th street apartment so hurriedly? Wasn't it comfy there?

?

Isn't Eugene glad to see Laura W—— out of the hospital?

?

What happened to the revue girl's headbands one night recently in a Broadway cabaret? And was the disappearance in any way connected with a wealthy visitor in a hired Ford?

?

Cute to see Lois Leigh with her good man Joey Steifel. . . . Was Arthur Bachrach lonesome without Florence?

?

Does Emily M—— still owe for her beautiful hair?

Is it true Pearl White got hurt on the Bermuda boat?

?

YES! Bud Fisher's horse won!

?

SPRING RESOLUTIONS: Evvy Gosnell will lead the simple life.

?

Who was it paged the Post-Graduate two weeks ago, when Pop Rae, Owen Moore and Fred Wickersham cried, "Here!" When Buster Johnson paid a visit to the victims didn't the nurse think he was trying to get in too?

?

Many persons have written BREVITIES asking the whereabouts of the little flapper who used to hoof in the Garden cabaret. Beg to reply that Belle Gannon is holding up one end of the line in "Mary."

?

Is it true that Old Mother Childs intends inserting "Want Ads" in the motion picture magazines?

?

Why the inclusion of Claire Whitney in a group of movie stars in the Sunday supplements? When was Claire a star?

?

Did you hear that women are to be tabooed hereafter at the Fifty club? It looks like either "wives" or none.

?

Isn't it pleasing to see the undivided attachment between Evelyn Neville and Harry Lipson, soon we hear to culminate in showers of rice and everythin'?

?

Of course you know that Sophie Tucker comes back to "Reisy's" on March 1st? That will be some welcome.

?

Has Elmer Letterman bought any shares in the Delmonico controlling company?

?

Tearful, isn't it, that that sweet little angel child, Bee Palmer, should be detained in Chicago by that attachment pasted on by her cruel agent, Max Hart? And it's \$6,000 too. A mere bag of shells.

?

Who is the accommodating Fifth Avenue model who lives on Madison avenue?

?

What's the latest about that wild leaping woman Dorothy A——?

?

Can anyone tell us why Cora L—— is so successful in pictures despite the fact she has been with her present concern only four months?

?

Is't true that all is not well in the menage of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Willard? Gladys looks good in "Tip Top," that we know.

?

Is it true that Ethelynd Terry, prima donna of "Honeydew" is really the daughter of Alma Gluck by her first hubby? Nineteen. Now, let us see, that makes Alma just thirty——

?

Has Aimee Crocker Gouraud got back from Paris yet? (Breathless suspense). By the way where's Yvonne these days?

?

Can it be credited that when Harry Collins takes his constitutionals he sometimes walks east on Fifty-seventh street? And why?

?

Who was it said that Pearl Regay's voice sounded like a bullfrog with tonsilitis? Nasty dig.

Listening In on Broadway

"I NEVER was thrown out of a place."

"Say, whatthehell do you expect of a dame, anyway?"

"Joe took her out the other night, and as God is my judge—"

"You see, May, in a duplex you can kid the old provider while Jimmie sits up there and lamps it."

"I got my stones honest, bo, and don't fool yourself."

"Say, what do you think—the gink gave me a ten spot for the taxi to Mott avenue and I ducked in the old sub. at 59th."

"None of your conversation money, Mr. Jenks, for this here little skirt."

"Can't a pure girl go out *one* night without being insulted?"

"What do you think, Helen, Jack met him just as he—"

Don't you think if Mildred Blair keeps on looking she'll find a business? But for heaven's shake don't mention tea-rooms.

Why doesn't Edith Hall wear her famous "stones" when she's round with Monty and Max? They're two good men.

What has become of Ray Emory? Don't all speak at once.

Did Max say he'd like May Lewis for a sweetie if her dog just wouldn't snap so much? Maybe "Prince" is overtrained!!!

Is the Chicago Opera Co. now singing a new glee song entitled, "Come into our Garden of Love?"

Was Bobbie Leonard just a trifle the worse for wear the other evening at the table party with his beautiful wife, Mae Murray? Now, we might be wrong.

Why is it that Edgar Lorie absolutely refuses to ride through White Plains?

Has Ellen E—— (more familiarly known as Mousie) had another dream—and is it Paris this time?

Why was Erminie E—— all swelled up just because she was out with one of the Dukes?

Where did Mable Wildey get the fur coat?

Was the tall, thin fellow that was with Lou Davis in the little Club the other night any relation to Mr. Volstead?

Why doesn't Walter D—— come up for air and realize that Dolly B—— is the one real girl after all?

Isn't Max Sadowsky one regular host at the Folies Bergere and aren't his hospitalities adorned by that Queen of the Winter Garden, Bobbie McCree? We'll shay so.

A PAGE OF DISLIKES

By Cholly Montmorency de Spats

(HARD TO READ BUT GREAT)

One of the unsolved mysteries of the age is how De Wolf Hopper gets away with it. To us this elongated buffoon is possessed of a humor so poignant as to bring tears of grief. But yet Hopper has a reputation and many defend him. It has been said that in the sub-cellars of the Lambs, when ships go down to the sea on the old Green River, De Wolf is a "riot." If this be true make haste to chalk up another mark against Mr. Volstead. Similar to Hopper, yet different, is our merry friend Don Marquis of the "Evening Sun." We have always found his "Sun Dial" witty and amusing—when **Don is away on his frequent vacations and Seabury Lawrence is editing it.** Marquis is a "self-styled conductor." At present we might say he is a trifle out of his sphere. The 34th Street cross-town line would appreciate him. Marquis **blahs** of cockroaches and New Rochelle. His knowledge of the former is so thorough as to arouse suspicion. A true humorist, this man! Then, next in order, let us present an unconscious comedian. Shake hands with the Pest of the Programs—Beau Nash, the sartorial simp. Nash is widely read by those who take their programs home to Red Bank and Rahway to file them. This man knows more about clothes than a plumber does about pipes. One of his cutest tricks is to be real English and wise us all to what they are wearing on Rotten Row in Lunnon and along the Strand. We'd like to give any sporting person about six to one that the Beau's trousers bag at the knees and that he shaves the back of his neck. About two years up the Hudson for this "old son." To us the songs put out by the Fred Fischer firm represent the very height of vulgar inanity. Fischer, who made a million or so on Dardanella and then objected to paying royalties, has now on the market one of his usual Gilbert and Sullivan creations—a ballad beautiful entitled "Big Chief Spit-in-your-Eye" or something similar. One of the features of the number is the dainty twists to the lyric. The song concerns for the most part granulated eyelids. To us it bespeaks letheomania or water on the knee-caps. The Censors for this guy and in a hurry! We can not pass along without speaking a word of praise for the delightful jingles published to boost trade in the Child's Restaurants. Always noted as a great place to go for an appetite, the Childs' po-ums rave of calories and, in addition to the usual bunk, give us the "meat" at once in descriptions of their food. It is nothing, of course, that tacks have been found in their celebrated soups, the old oil goes great with the crackers-and-milk bookkeepers that hang out there from twelve to one. The Board of Health for these joints. Any description of any prejudice would be highly incomplete without a word for the Parsnip of Performers, little Eva the Tanguay. We saw Eva not so long ago at the Alhambra. The child is losing her grip and seems to know it. She uses a puller in the form of a Peter Pan song to "let-me-have-your-kind applause." The climactic punch to the song is to the effect that "you wave to me and I'll wave to you," goes for the audience. To look at the audience flapping their handkerchiefs to the Parsnip is to look upon the outdoor playyard at Matteawan. Another year or so for Eva and then the old goblins! Also, in the line of public entertainers we might speak a good word for a few of our movie hero's. We recently had the extreme pleasure of seeing Bryant Washburn in a one reel—at least one reel was enough for us. We've always had our suspicions about his corsets and now we add up another. Do you really believe he shapes his beautiful brows? What gave us this idea was the conversation of two young things beside us. You can't fool the girls! Along with O'Brien, Bushman and the rest of the crew, Washburn and Warwick should be struck severely on the wrists and told the general estimation of the public which, unfortunately, they can't hear. A credit to the deaf and dumb drama, this bunch! Turning, for a brief instant to Guy Bolton, playwright a la Rockefeller and ex-architect, to say nothing of pro-Lothario and semi-Romeo, what kind of a pen does the kid use that turns third rate musical comedy books into A 1 box office attractions? There is nothing really so distressing as a Bolton "book". Some of his own bright and gleaming jokes to be found sprinkled through "Sally" are (1) "To hear an owl hoot is bad luck." "Is it?" "Yes. My uncle heard one hoot once and had his ribs broken in two places." "Well, he shouldn't go in such places!" (2) "There's a flaw in this ring!" "You're not supposed to see that. Love is blind." "Yes, but not stone blind!" (3) Waiter giving guest a dose of brandy and then a whiskbroom, "so he can brush himself off after he picks himself up." These are only a few of the Miller quips that stuff the book. And, most remarkable is the fact the show is a riot notwithstanding! Everyone knows it was Bolton who inspired "The Love Nest." If you don't believe it ask Helen. The only point in Bolton's favor that we can possibly see is that he is wedded to one of the most beautiful women in the world. Now and again piquant tales emanate from the studio of Alfred Chin Johnstown, photographer and first aid to the chorus. The last one we heard was particularly cheering. It concerned a young person adorning the end of a front row line. This charmer took some of her John's kale to Alfred and paid for a dozen or so photos. Al, simple soul that he is, suggested another dozen gratis. The charmer asked particulars and was, of course, willing until A. Cheney, per usual, suggested she peel and let him pose her. This bird has very touching ways. Some day someone will take a notion to tickle him gently on the wrist-watch. We hope for a "down front" seat when the happy occasion hops along.

George Jean Pulls a Toe-Lock

George Pulls Woolcott's Wool

Broadway is racking its brain for the real explanation of the furious diatribe from the pen of George Jean Nathan in February "Smart Set" directed against a dramatic reviewer on the **Times**. Naturally not many guesses are necessary to fix the identity of George's subject, one, Alexander Woolcott, who has written dramatic stuff for the **Times** through a long incumbency interrupted only by the months he was absent serving his country in France. As the **Times** reaches three-quarters of a million of readers and the "Smart Set" probably not more than forty or fifty thousand—we stand open to correction—the impact of the fusillade is negligible, yet everyone is curious as to the true provocation for an attack so obviously venomous. It could not be, it is argued, a case of sour grapes *a la femme*, for we understand George has had, to date, no reported prizes that would shine as trophies. Then why, and what? Not the holy cause of dramatic reviewing. It couldn't be that. Maybe it's prohibition.... Maybe gastritis.... Maybe rheumatics..... God only knows, and as He is supposed to be a collaborator of Nathan & Mencken, He won't tell.

* * *

Wortzman & Mallard Announce Their New "Gown Studio"

an innovation in tailoring history in New York, which will be open to the women of New York who want to be smartly dressed, on the 25th of this month. Marie Mallard cordially invites you.

They have taken the entire top floor of the fine building at 25 West 57th, in which Wortzman, Inc. are also located, airy and sunny to a delightful degree, and will install a fashion salon exclusively devoted to the showing of draped models. The creations will be displayed to tunes of jazz from a Victrola, which ought to please a melody-mad New York, and the room will also be utterly unlike any other dress-making establishment in that it will be gorgeously draped from ceiling to floor and otherwise furnished up to the last word in smartness.

The strides being taken by WORTZMAN & MALLARD and WORTZMAN, Inc., are the talk of fashionable New York. "Wortzman Tailoring" is the go everywhere—if it's smart it's a **WORTZMAN!**

* * *

It is said that six rival publishers tried to get the MS. of the song, "I Lost My Heart to You" just published by Jack Mills. That isn't all the Mills hits, however, for there's "Cuban Moon," "Maizie," "Sweet Mamma" (Papa's Getting Mad) "Strut Miss Lizzie," "My Mammy's Tears" and many others. Jack Mills himself is one of the most popular of Broadwayites, and immensely liked in the profession.

* * *

Charles (Broadway) Marshall Sees the Parson

Those on the Great Wet Way who know Charlie Marshall will be interested to hear that he took onto himself a better half while over for a few weeks from London, where he represents one of the biggest toilet preparation houses in this country. She lived in New Jersey, and she's a blonde—that's all Charlie would tell, but having spent many midnights with Charlie in the old days lookin' 'em over, we feel sure he must have picked a doll. He got spliced on the 18th of January and took ship to London the day following with his bride.... Bestest ever, Cholly, old sport!

* * *

Can't Land 'Em on Orange Juice

Our matrimonial sharp figures out the marriage epidemic as due to Prohibition. These nights a chap is not only deprived of the saloon bars to hang over, but is finding "lays" whittled down to one-half-of-one-per cent. by this pesky Prohibition thing. So to get the gal he has to push her in front of the passon.

* * *

Wasn't everyone surprised when the popular Marie Stafford went to the hospital and she such a picture of health? And doesn't everyone who knows her wish for her speedy recovery?



GENEVA MITCHELL

The sixteen-year-old beauty who is the sensation of Florenz Ziegfeld's new "Nine O'Clock Revue" and of the "Midnight Frolic." She is exquisitely lovely, has a divine figure, and dances like a sunbeam. Diligent, exceptionally intelligent and magnetic, Miss Mitchell has her tiny feet firmly set on the road to theatrical fame. Victor Herbert says that she has a voice and Mr. Ziegfeld, Edward Royce and Walter Kingsley believe her to be the "find" of the season. She is at present in more numbers on the New Amsterdam Roof than have ever fallen to the lot of one girl before and she is already being considered for a role in the greatest musical success of the season.

AND HE HAD NO ACCIDENT POLICY

"Farewell, dear one," she sobbed, as she draped herself on his new Monroe—"farewell, maybe for ever!"

About his manly Arrow she clung, kissing him again and again like a Bara vamp. Tears trickled down her Georgette (\$6.98) onto his Bud cravat, thence onto his gray Fownes (\$3.25). It was an affecting scene. It sounds like advertising, but isn't.

He tore himself away, drying his own eyes with a Kaskel & Kaskel near-silk, as he staggered to the nearest sal—pardon, we mean subway.

Her sister standing by rushed to comfort her. "My heart bleeds for you, Jean, in the bleediest kind of way. I could not help overhearing your farewell, even above the "Margie" record—and I have came to soothe your grief. Where is Jack going—to get the booze out of the warehouse?

"Nay, nay," moaned the three-months' bride, 'tis worse than that. "He's going to try to get his cover charge taken off tonight."

THE BURIAL SQUAD SPRINGS A NEW ONE!

The beastly and sickening tribe of undertakers are at it again. None of us wants to hear even of their existence, and when they flaunt their ghastly trade in our faces, it sends the cold chills down the vertebral tract. Seems the undertakers now hold "fashion shows"—honest!—at which are displayed, on living models, the latest modes for the dead. They are trying to get away, apparently, from the boresome uniformity of black graveclothes, and to introduce tailor-mades, riding-habits, evening dress and golf and hunting attire. Their object, of course, is beautiful, selfish and pure—oh, yes, like hell it is! It's about as self-denying as their attempts last year to get Congress to vote \$20,000,000 to bring back the soldier dead. We have done our best to insert a monkey-wrench in their evil machinery, and if the press would only unite to deny them advertising space—their ads being a stench to the nostrils of all sensitive human beings—it would help a whole lot to curb their profiteering activities and also deodorize the daily and weekly newspapers.

WHATDYA MEAN, DISAPPEAR?

Scientist states that blondes will disappear in three hundred years. Friend of ours at the L. C. the other night had a blonde disappear in two minutes!

SODA FOUNTAIN STARTS DISQUIETING RUMOR!

A disquieting rumor not long since oozed up and down Broadway that the Winter Garden chorus was going to go over entirely to ice-cream soda. Our special Volstead expert at once got on the trail—and what do you think he discovered? It seems so many on the trail—and what do you think he discovered? It seems so many of the W. G. beauty revue have been seen at the Winter Garden drugstore fountain that it started the report. It must be *some* fountain that will win a little chorine away from her bitters, so our representative just stepped up to this beautiful dispensary and had two on himself. He was in good company, as Jack Barrymore was in the crowd shouting their orders Incidentally we found out the interesting fact that W. G. D. S. is selling that favorite of all ladies, Cotes Special Face Powder, for 67c, the present talk of Bway. And a short time since, when Guerlain's famous Lip Stick in leather case was unobtainable elsewhere in New York they had it here. Up to the minute, they got a supply ahead of all others.

Aren't the girls in Room 5 at the Winter Garden peeved because Mae Devereaux, the Irish beauty of the company, is a real principal, is getting publicity and admiration, and because Willie Howard makes a witty impromptu remark about her every night in the screamingly funny newsstand scene?

Heard on a Windy Corner

Jane Martin shakes Chi for N'Yawk Old Eva T. putting on beef Lounge lizards stampeding the Plaza Grill Don't hear much about Monty Brice and his matrimonial afflictions Summer must be approaching—Nat Nichols had on his checked suit Is Myrtle Peirce

hitched?..... Margaret Hackett a popular hostess..... Isn't Buster Collier developing into a great little vamp?.... He plays 'em all.

* * *

Gladys Bowie of Brooklyn is the new beauty of the "Sally" Company. Miss Bowie is a famous horsewoman who has enough blue ribbons to decorate all the hats in Yale. She won Broadway fame at her first rehearsal when mounted on a crack hunter and wearing smart riding togs she rode up to the New Amsterdam and tied her horse to the stage door in 41st Street. That stage door has seen many things but never anything like that and the girls are still talking. It made a great hit with Flo. Miss Bowie is one of the "Big Six" in "Sally."

* * *

Have you a little fairy in your home?

First they sent Bacchus to the mat. Now they're walloping Tobacchus.

Is your rat on straight?

Our idea of a gentleman is a man who can recite poetry but won't.

CLUB MAURICE had a successful opening on the 27th ult. in its "Room Royal" when beauty and fashion graced the event. Grace Field, the lovely and accomplished hostess, had many of her distinguished following present. Henry Solloway poured forth dance-compelling strains from his large orchestra—in fact it looked like an opera opening. Among social celebs. noted on and since the opening night have been Judge Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Livermore, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Schwartz, Harry Davis, Conde Nast, Jules Brutatour, Dorothy Dalton, Burton Castles, Joe Faiyer, Frederick Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lillibridge, Mrs. Josepha Spotts, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Miller, H. V. Warner, Mae Murray, Alice Brady, Florence Walton.

* * *

Watch Geneva Miller's rise in show business. She is a little thoroughbred who beats the barrier while the others are waiting for the word. Geneva, as "Teddy" Royce says, is "always on her toes eager to make good."

A NEW THRILL FOR BROADWAY!

RESORT OF BEAUTY AND FASHION

CLUB MAURICE

"THE ROOM ROYAL"

In Location, Decorations and Appointments
the last word on Broadway

SUPERB CUISINE

UNDER PERSONAL MANAGEMENT MR. A.
COPPEL, LATE OF THE PALAIS ROYAL

209 W. 51 (off Broadway) At 10:30 o'clock

What We'll Soon See If They Keep On

NEWEST RELEASE OF
The Foolish Film Flickers Co.
entitled
Maggie, the Beautiful Prune Shooter
or
Who Put the Mince in the Mint Spy

Directed by I. M. A. Nutt
Scenes by K. E. R. Flop
Author: B. I. L. Unk
Lights by I. G. Natz
Jewelry by Rocks & Co.
Underwear by S. Weat
Clock, Scene 1, by Ding
Pen, by Waterwoman
Wallpaper by Ouch

Dentist to the Company: Y. U. L. Holler

Doctor to the Company: I. K. Illem

Attorney to the Company: Summins & Cumplant

Chiropodist to the Company: B. U. Nion

Barber to the Company: Antonio Umberello

And this is how the line with the real kick in it would probably look:

Backer of the Whole Damn Production: E. A. S. Y. Marque

We think that beautiful blue chow, owned by Mgr. Victor Kiraly, of the Midnight Frolic, is working in with the Greenwich Villagers. For CLUNG, as he is called, ate a package of safety-razors the other day. Honest! And the strange part of it is that when we saw CLUNG on his familiar tether at the head of the Frolic stairs, his jowls bore not a mark of his hair-raising meal. Our own personal opinion is that Victor is camouflaging—that he has the dog in training for a specialty in the midnight show.

?

Who are the attractions in "Blue Eyes," now on the road, that make Albert A— and Herbert F— attend every performance? Incidentally, please page Helen and Dorothea. (This is supposed to be laid in Pittsburg.)

?

What was it that Ken Kling, of the *World*, whispered to Marie Dressler while she was auctioning off tickets for the Leonard-Mitchell fight at the Commodore hotel? Was he offering a bid on a seat, or telling her she looked just like his cartoon "pot" Katinka in her servant scene at the Winter Garden?

?

Isn't it a subject of wild curiosity what Helen Marcel sees in the headwaiter on whom she has been apparently stuck for some time past? Especially when she has so many other admirers. Does Helen's equally popular girl chum approve of this weird infatuation?



NAT NAZARRO, JR.

appearing in a new and timely dancing feature, which will be seen at B. F. Keith's Palace Theatre, week of Feb. 14. One of the most attractive young artists in vaudeville and a great favorite with Keith audiences.

Does George Burton always answer the doorbell with a gun in his mitt in the small hours of the morning or is he afraid that bandits will carry away his fair prize?

* * *

Palm Beach News Nuggets

Oh, boy, were you ever let in on one of those "midnight parties" on the sands of this barometric paradise? If not, you slipped on something, for 'tis said they look like a West End Avenue 5 A. M. party dropped down on the southern sands. They are held far away from the palatial Breakers and Ponciana of course, and—of course—only Broadwayites could make up the visiting list. Birdie has just come back with a nervous chill after flying over one. . . . At the Breakers recently were glimpsed Al. Jolson, Buddy de Sylvia, Grant Clarke, Jimmie Monaco, Fannie Shapiro, Mr. and Mrs. Bernstein, Vincent Hubbell (plus yacht), Dick Greiner (said to have become wildly enamored of pretty Berenice Page), Mr. Rosenblatt (uncle of Dorothy Dalton's cream-puff), Irene Castle (minus hubby), Mrs. Munn (awfully sweet on Jolson), and last but not least Berenice Page (who returned to Century Roof last week) and her chum Caroline Roland. . . . At the stanch old Ponciana, Mumma Talmadge, Natalie, Norma and her storm and strife, Ray Comstock and other notables, while at Miami that one sterling man, Stanley Joyce, with brother Dave, in the Joyce chalet. All just first-rate good men and women, trying to catch up on their Shakesperian studies far from the Broadway cover-charges.

* * *

Did Margie Clayton vamp Fred Church away from Dolly Best?

* * *

Isn't it true that Geneva Mitchell is a wonderful girl?

* * *

Mae Devereaux of the Winter Garden is the pretty girl of the cast and speaks lines cleverly. She has a brother who is the runner-up for the middleweight championship and Mae herself swings a nasty wallop as several stage door mashers have learned to their sorrow. Ask the girls in No. 5 if she doesn't. Zeke Colvin, New York's most famous stage manager, will say so, too.

MAE TRUDE (whose photograph appears on another page) the charming hostess of the recently launched *soirée dansante* in the Grill of the Cafe des Beaux Arts, is a native of Albany. She spent her girlhood in the State capital, and during her early 'teens moved to Chicago.

There Miss Trude attended one of the smart finishing schools on the fashionable North Side, where she enjoyed more than usual personal popularity. Her school days over, she became prominently identified with the activities of the younger social set. Having a desire to accomplish something real, however, to establish her economic independence she journeyed to New York.

In New York Miss Trude's statuesque blonde type of beauty at once won her a place in the cast of the Wm. Fox screen production, "The Thief," in which Pearl White was star. Having been approached recently by the management of the Beaux Arts she consented to appear as hostess at their smart *soirée dansante* nightly at nineteen-thirty. Although here but a few weeks her popularity is attested by the fact that she has received several tempting offers elsewhere. Miss Trude's social training, coupled with a decidedly arresting personality, make her the perfect hostess.

* * *

From the fact of Milt Hagen's literary style, and his instant understanding of any references to Milton or Homer in BREVITIES, we have always suspected the lad must have got some good schoolin' somewhere or other. T'other day we dragged out of him that he is a graduate of Stanford University. Now, what do you think of that? Well, anyhow, he's about one of the nicest chaps we know and what he doesn't understand in the line of boosting popular songs you needn't ask elsewhere. Milt for formerly executive manager for a big western song house, and his brilliant intuitions are at present swelling the popularity of Jack Mills, Inc., up on 45th Street. Milt not only promotes songs, he writes 'em—watch the papers!

* * *

Coletta Ryan is the name of the new blonde beauty who outdoes even Dolores and how this divinely tall and divinely fair girl can sing!

HOW ABOUT THE EAR?



"But if I *must* be vaccinated doctor, don't do it where it will show in my classical dance."

"Hum! then I'll have to do it internally!"

LATEST ADDITIONS
TO THE
PEST CLUB

OLD DOC. PEASE
(Anti-Smokes)

OLD DOC. VOLSTEAD
(Anti-Hootch)

OLD DOC. BRYAN
(Pro-Grape Juice)

OLD DOC. SUNDAY
(Anti-Everything)

OLD MOTHER CHILDS
(Soup-Shooteress)

OLD DOC. BAER
(Literary Gravedigger)

OLD DOC. CONSTANTINE
(Political Crawfish)

OLD DOC. TROTSKY
(The Alfalfa King)

OLD DOC. DOWIE
(The Mad Mullah)

OLD DOC. FORD
(The Flivver Fanatic)

Send in your proposals!

Might as well tell you now as later that the pretty blonde in Davidow & LeMaire's offices who is so polite, is Helene Hutchins.

Did you know that cousin Carus' has thirteen namesakes in the Manhattan phone directory?

ALAN DALE, inimitable play-reviewer of the Sunday **American**, isn't bubbling o'er with enthuse on that new creation called "Dear Me." Says Alan: "Its simplicity is laborious.... Every character breathes and pulses with all the fervor of grease paint.... 'Dear Me' is hokum."

Paul Salvin and Jimmie Thompson, who now have seven cabaret-and-dancing restaurants in New York, intend to add another—this time on Fifth Avenue, near 50th Street. Looks like a monopoly in restraint of gloom.

Come, all ye thirsty and join the membership of THE ASSOCIATION AGAINST THE PROHIBITION AMENDMENT! It is sponsored by such eminent personalities as David Bispham, Willard Mack, Mrs. Fiske, Irvin Cobb and Augustus Thomas. They are after a million members, and will fight for the repeal of the neurotic Volstead amendment. God bless them! If all of us will do our "bit" fanaticism will eventually have a scissor-hold put on it that will restore the joy of living.

Seen at the Milk Farm: Evelyn Nesbit and May Wills.

Little Morrie Klein, of 126 Kelly Street (which is in the wilds of the Bronx) is a funny kind of a husband. Four months after he had altared with Beatrice Klein he made the astounding proposition that if she'd divorce him, he'd return half of \$7,000 she had loaned him! Worse than that, Beatrice testified that Morrie told her he "had married her to get her money." Whatever else Morrie is, he's certainly candid and to the point.

The Gold-Diggers Association have invented a new enterprise, according to the Evening **World**. They're holding up the boys known through taxi-chauffeur confederates. The victim is sized up, then steered to a flivver and Jake does the rest.

"Algy" the one and only states that Gladys Stevens is the "chickest" bit of fluff in all Manhattan Island. We haven't seen her, but take Algy's word for it.

REUBENS' "PURE FOOD SHOP" evidently has a few impurities for according to the prints they grabbed a waiter out of that haunt of midnight mirth, for dope-selling. A sleuth got chummy with this particular turkey-leg dispenser and gave him a great story about a friend of his who wanted the good old gray mixture. Little garcon fell for it, and is now out on bail.

You can lead a horse to the cafe but it's doubtful if you can get him a drink.

If you have the same luck in taking your Tam O'Shanter to the RIVOLI moving picture foundry as had Dixie O'Neil we're sorry for you! For she took her pretty fur headpiece there the other afternoon, doffed it for a minute or two—and when she reached for it, it was gone.

* * *

Smart Set Jottings

Mrs. Harry H. Schwartz won \$100,000 at Monte Carlo while on her honeymoon. Her husband won \$12,000 at craps on board the Imperator—**Evening Telegram**.

That was some lively a. m. when Evelyn Gosnell, playing in "Ladies Night" at the Eltinge, started to remonstrate with a policeman underneath her apartment windows at 230 West 79th Street. As to the sleep-disturbing rumpus he was kicking up in holding a drunk thereat for the old patrol bus. Evelyn remonstrated so vigorously that she herself finally was taken along to the booby-hatch, "fighting," the cop testified, "like a wildecat." She was held in \$500.00 bail, which she forfeited by non-appearance next morning. It's hell to be a chorus girl.

Husbands are often dodging their better or worse halves, but here is delightful Dicky Berenstein "seeking his missing frau in four States." They must love 'em, boys, when they go to all that trouble!

Judging by the experience of several "only their husbands" of late their should be a closed season declared for the "good men" married to actresses.

Didn't Margie Clayton's brother send the rough-neck who hit her to the hospital with a ruined face the next day? More power to his punches.



*Our little friend,
GRACE MANNING,
hostess of Folies Bergere,
wishes to take this opportunity
of thanking her very dear friends
who were so kind and wonderful
to her during her recent illness.*

Divorces often are sought on queer grounds—but here's a pippin. Esther Ranch, of Chicago, has secured a divorce from hubby Charles, described in the papers as "a specialist in skunk pelts" on the grounds that she could not stand the odors emanating from him.

* * *

Not that it makes much difference, but the former Aldian Hudson, of "Honey Dew," asks us to inform a dehydrated world that she is now mated with George Berkeley Reed of New London, Ct., where they are cooing and billing at 182 Broad Street. George, who evidently has a yen for the chorus, is further announced to be a grandson of Jacob Reed, of Philadelphia, whatever that may import.

* * *

Paul Helleu Visited a Rehearsal
of the new Ziegfeld "Nine O'Clock Revue" one day this week and like every other connoisseur of feminine beauty picked Geneva Mitchell as the flower of the flock. And asked permission to make a portrait of her. She was accordingly excused and the great

French artist spent the afternoon sketching her. "She is an exquisite blossom just breaking from the bud" he said. "Nature has designed a masterpiece in this young American beauty. What fire! what vivacity! what intelligence! What superbly modelled form and features! She is the loveliest 16-year-old girl I have ever seen."

* * *

Holy Writ must have forecast the restaurant prices of 1921 when it said that from him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

He loved her with supreme adoration. Until one day he found a little mole.

Our idea of pernicious anemia: A Prohibitionist.

Before the rounder reforms it's always a big night ahead. And in the morning a big head ahead. When he reforms it's always a big day ahead.

What makes more noise than a jazz band? Why, two jazz bands, Gwendolyn!



The Fashion Show at Commodore

We saw it with nervous thrills. On the evening of the 3rd the packed Grand Ballroom was ablaze with the style and beauty of this annual event, in which America's "fashions" are set. Of course we were particularly interested in the exhibit made by Wortzman, Inc., who came second on the program with five models, wearing Wortzman's conception of what New York's smart women ought to doll up their lovely forms in for 1921. Judging by the applause, Wortzman, Inc. made the top showing of the night..... We understand that by invitation of The Theatre Assembly, 4,000 strong, Wortzman, Inc. will make an exclusive Fashion Exhibit of 36 models in the Rose Room at the Astor, on the 18th inst... Famous millinery house of Bruck Weiss, 6 West 57th, will show the hats on this occasion, each one specially designed to match the costume it accompanies.

* * *

Our Modest Picture Supes

Producer: "These stars is goin' to get a helluva lot less money than they did."

Mr. Atmosphere: "Yes, I think we will."

* * *

Wonder What the Real Handle Is?

Arlene Pretty
Tempest & Sunshine
June Elvidge
Irene Rich

Gloria Joy
Renee Adoree
Marjorie Dawn
Blanche Sweet
June Caprice

* * *

TANNEN TANS NORA

Now, all together, three cheers and a tiger for Julius Tannen! First living individual who ever got the better of Nora Bayes. Equity court of arbitration decided that she's either got to take Julius back in "My Family Tree" at 600 iron sailors a week, or leave him out and pay it. With an extra bundle of green kisses for the time he's been laid off. Three hurrahs and a couple tigers for Julius Tannen, HERO!

* * *

If you want to see a female madhouse just take a peek in Schrafft's, 38th and Broadway, on Saturday afternoon!

* * *

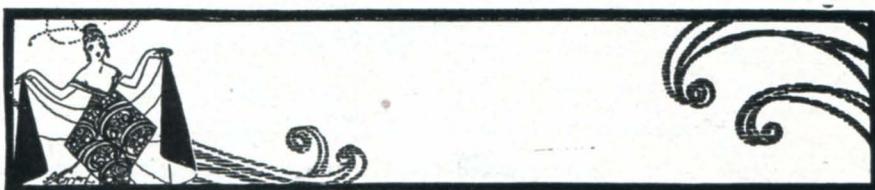
SPECIAL WIRE—Herman Milgrim will now devote his attention to horsebacking in the Park instead of wild women.

* * *

Irene Wilday and Richard Pyle..... Please page Carlton Hoagland!

* * *

Marion Davies and Rose Shulsinger are writing a beauty culture book, illustrated by the film star.



Puzzle: Figure Out Where Clerk and Manager Got the Air

BANK PRESIDENT (to applicant for bookkeeper job) "By the way, are you skilful at erasing?"

APPLICANT: "Yes, sir, that is a specialty of mine! I can do it so clean you'd never know the mistake occurred."

PATRON (to restaurant manager): "If I get a bad order, you'll change it, won't you?"

RESTAURANT MGR.: "Sure! Why, we cheerfully replaced over thirty orders here today."

* * *

A Sure Sign!

MRS. BINK: "Why are you so positive, Molly, your husband is in with another woman?"

MRS. BLINK: "Why, it's as plain as day! He caresses me to death, and bought me a diamond lavalliere and a seal coat."

* * *

Explaining the Chorus

MGR. BEAUTY SHOW (to chorus applicant):

"Can you sing?"
 "No, sir"
 "Can you dance?"
 "No, sir"
 "Is your hair natural?"
 "No, sir"
 "Teeth real?"
 "No, sir"
 "Any education?"
 "No, sir"
 "Father and mother read or write?"
 "No, sir"
 "Favorite restaurant?"
 "The Ritz, sir"
 "Your age?"
 "42 next birthday, sir"
 "ENGAGED!"

* * *

Who is the show girl known as the "French Pekinese who stepped out of an ashcan into the chorus?"

* * *

No doubt there's someone in New York that hasn't got blind trying to read the **Billboard**.

* * *

The engagement was broken after she had happened to hear him remark, one day, "That's the cheese!"

* * *

Familiarity breeds attempt.



This new study of the remarkable personality of Dr. Theodore Kohler, probably the most distinguished of all N. Y. chiropractors, hints at the marvelous powers this man possesses.

His life's ideal is to relieve human suffering.

Years ago he concluded that **drugging** was futile for his ambition. On the contrary, after profound therapeutic investigation he discovered that all disease could be reached and relieved via the spinal column, from which radiate currents to every organ of the body. He found that by Chiropractic applied to the spinal vertebrae he could correct the **sources of sickness**—in other words put the vertebrae back in normal functioning condition, and let nature do the rest.

He joined to this skilled manipulation his wonderful psycho-analysis and psycho-synthesis, becoming truly a ministrant to the body and the mind. For he also saw that unless the mind is in a normal, receptive state, means of relief are powerless.

So thus we find Dr. Theodore Kohler, at 424 West 24th Street, probably the greatest "miracle-worker" for the sick, in our country. We met in his offices the other day a man whom Dr. Kohler had rescued from the last stages of diabetes, who in six weeks was made good as new.

Maybe **YOU** might find in Dr. Kohler a wonderful rescuer!

His telephone is Watkins 7692.

Mark Twain on Christian Science



Through the courtesy of the great house of Harper & Brothers, we have seen for the first time the late Mark Twain's book on Christian Science. Christian Science is something that has got a lot of our attention and study: and—we protest—in the most unbiased spirit. The trouble is that when you attack Christian Science, or any other of the numberless cults and isms, their followers cry: "Ignorance" or "Malice." Their minds can not conceive of either an honest dissent or an impartial inspection.

Now, we have an open mind for all evidence that Christian Science is the wonderful thing its adherents profess it to be. Their claims are not such as would be described modest. Mark Twain points out that Mary Baker Eddy, in more than one writing, places herself on an equality with Jesus himself. Christian Scientists, moreover, deny the existence of matter. For them there is only Spirit, and our physical afflictions are all really imaginary. Mind you, they don't claim to be "mental healers"—don't get mixed! All's necessary for the removal of your sclerosis or the mending of your broken leg is to put your mind in the frame that presupposes there is no such thing as disease or matter. Then, zip! you're well.

We have labored until racked with headache to get at the real meaning and import of the mass of verbiage with which the Science doctrine is slathered. And, shiver our timbers, if we can do it. Mark Twain makes the same abject confession—our only **sympatica** with that marvelous genius. But we always have thought there was a ray of light, if you approach Christian Science from one of the by-paths leading into it instead of dashing your head against its towering ramparts of garrulity.

This. Christian Science makes its great stand on drugless healing. Take away this decoration from the edifice and you leave only a bare scaffolding of rules and regulations. Now, the simplest of us know, say, the value of cheerfulness in disposing of at least many minor ailments. A lesser number of us know the amazing value of the intense absorption of the mind in a new interest. We knew a man who was fully convinced he had heart disease, ulcer of the stomach, gallstones and a few other trifles like that who suddenly took to collecting insects. We do NOT mean he was neglecting his bath, but that he became so engrossed in entomology that, presto! he came to a full stop one day and wondered where the devil his angina pectoris had gone! There was no drug-taking, nor need of any. He simply had displaced one thought by another.



JESSICA BROWN

of the Century "Midnight Rounders" in a novel Georgette dancing gown containing 55 yards of material. A brand new creation of the WORTZMAN & MALLARD "Gown Studio," 25 West 57th Street.

This being true, it always has seemed to us the sum tota of what Christian Scientists claim, or ever can claim, in healing. True, they do not come, and would scorn to come, at it by this **modus operandi**. They themselves freely admit that their "healers" make many misses, and our old friend, Campbell, of the Funeral Church, probably plants as many Scientists as he does booze fiends. BUT—and here is shown the astounding prescience of Old Mother Eddy—it was seen that the almost miraculous healing power of **displaced idea** could be built into a Gargantuan biblical edifice of Christian Science, by which an ordinary psychological phenomenon should be electrified with Christ-like magic. And it was done. And there is none who will deny that of all the appeals to the populace, this appeal of quasi-spiritual wizardry is the one that will most effectively and triumphantly gather in the duffers and the dollars.

If the Scientists were only reasonable! This would stop them getting in jails, as well as more favorably impress their investigators. But when we read, the other day, in their inspired organ, "The Christian Science Journal," of a little boy who fell and fractured his arm, and the arm was as good as new in 24 hours through Science treatment, we recoil in grief and alarm. If they only would hug close to shore on tummy-ache, chilblains, chapped hands, herpes, with, say, an occasional colic or tonsilitis thrown in, we'd be open to conviction. Otherwise **they** are not only open to conviction, but in high danger of it.



MME.
POLLY

wishes to inform you
that her famous
Beauty Preparations
are now on sale
at
ALTMAN'S

**¶ Makes NO APPOINTMENTS. Don't CALL up—
WALK up.**

216 WEST 42nd STREET
(One door West of New Am. Theatre)

Also Page Mr. Ackerman

We thought it would happen sooner or later. The "Schools of Motion Picture Acting" are getting it where it hurts. Premier Studios, at 727 Seventh Avenue, led the procession in the District Attorney's office a couple of weeks ago—and there are "others" to follow. The "worm" will turn, and the worm in this case are the typists and servant-girls who have been trying to take short cuts to screen fame via the fake schools and studios. We recall a chap who ran a movie academy some years ago, who had a dummy camera in the place and who did some tall cleaning up until one day one of the embryo Mary Pickfords happened to knock it over and it fell apart. From one of the pupils, a scrubwoman's daughter, he grabbed several hundred dollars. The old lady got so hot on his track that he had to go out and rent a uniform to persuade her that Uncle Sam's call to duty would prevent a refund, and as far as we know he got away with it.



MITZI

Who infuses "Lady Billy" at the Liberty with her unique charm. The play has a piquant sweetness, novelty and beauty that are irresistible.

Broadway's Latest Discovery !

Schuyler 8789

SHEFRIN'S PURE FOOD SHOP

Schuyler 8789

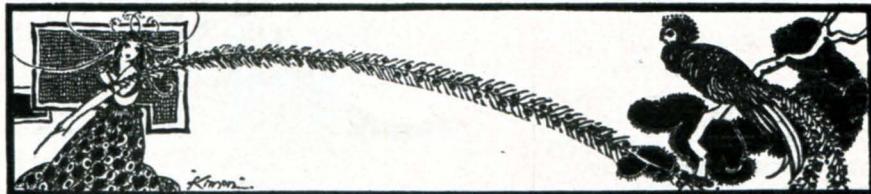
449 Columbus Avenue
(near 81st at "L" station)

"Broadwayites," especially professionals, love to find new places of unique character, where celebrities are to be seen. All the talk now is "SHEFRIN'S" the new meeting place in day-time and at midnight. Come and be convinced.

**TABLE LUXURIES--FRENCH PASTRY
FAMOUS SANDWICHES---and Spotless Cleanliness !**



POPULAR SANDWICH PARLOR



Dear Me! Did You See "Dear Me"?

Dear Me! If we get many more shows of "alleged" humor and Sunshine Society mush such as "Dear Me" at the REPUBLIC, which has the elderly Grace LaRue and the syrupy Hale Hamilton on exhibition, you'll see poor George Jean Nathan either hitting the Jamaica Ginger trail or hieing himself to a reliable nunner.

For the only interesting feature of the opening night was little Byron Chandler—in the baldheaded row. And we'd gladly pay two thousand yen to learn just what was passing through little Byron's thinkery. Was he reminiscing on the zoftig bank balances he fractured years ago trying to make a Broadway star out of Gracie? Was it our imagination that a sickly smile o'erspread his features at that point in the piece where Gracie says: "You know, dear, I'm just dying to be a musical comedy star on Broadway?" Gracie, by the way, was then Mrs. Chandler—and "the millionaire kid," as Byron was monickered, spilled thousand after thousand in the kitty in his eventually fruitless attempt to convert his angular frau into an incandescent nightingale. Poor dull, stupid, effete old Broadway couldn't see her, and after a while, with Byron said to have been cleaned as dry as a good-pasture, the nuptials were untied. Maybe one of the contributing causes of Byron's resignation were the awful hours he must have passed at rehearsals listening to his would-be diva cracking on top notes. We can personally testify that when we first beheld Gracie yaws and yaws ago, at that far distant period the wife of old Charlie Burke (about 1898, A. D.) doing a vode sketch with him entitled, we think, "The Half-Moon Cafe," Gracie's few notes were unprotested while the mean heel she slung more truly forecast her proper forte aback the footlights.

But Gracie's on Broadway at last—yes, at last—which shows not only that

perseverance will tell, but that, though life be fleeting, art happily is elongated. And the only thing missing on the opening night, to make the picture complete, would have been Myrtle Tannahill, Hale Hamilton's divorced wife occupying the chair next to little Byron's. That would have been worth braving the play's bombastic tomfoolery to see.

* * *

Deceived Husband Gets His Innings At Playhouse

You can smell trouble when the curtain goes up on "Thy Name is Woman" and you see Don Pedro sitting with his long pipe in the doorway of his cabin in the Spanish Pyrenees. You suspect there is going to be either suicide or homicide in the last act—and you are right. In that act the kindly Don inserts a knife to where it hurts in his good but inconstant wife, Carita. Carita is a lot younger than Don Pedro, very Gerry-Farrar, and has fallen hotly in love with the sinewy young soldier who has been sent to watch that Don Pedro doesn't smuggle his mantillas across the border. Don Pedro is afflicted with age, Bright's disease, arterial sclerosis and excessive palpitation, and though she had married him and has loved him in a sort of maternal way, the hidden fires are still there, and they flame like a bonfire at first sight of the young sojer. Don Pedro isn't long before finding it out, and when you notice the stiletto stuck loosely in his tunic you know there's going to be a funeral. The lovers, in the last act, plan flight right under the old man's nose, and in the one last embrace he seeks before Carita joins the military, this little stiletto is inserted in a sensitive spot near Carita's first rib. She dies excellently, facing the audience, under a good light. The play is certainly what is known as "gripping," and Mary Nash has a world of subtlety and charm in her work. Don Pedro is saturnine as a

GREENWICH VILLAGE & INN

Famous restaurant of the Village

Barney Gallant, *Manager*

SHERIDAN SQUARE

Opposite Greenwich Village Theatre

tax-collector or a deputy-sheriff. What we want to know, however, is how he could hop about like a young colt in the final act if his angina pectoris was still on union hours!

* * *

More Work For the Fool-Killer

Editor N. Y. *Globe*:—Too bad the 1921 crop of tobacco is not to be planted! Just stop, if you will, and figure out how many million dollars' worth of land is utilized in production, manufacture, and distribution of tobacco and its products. Perhaps you might be willing to print the figures in your paper, and in that way give your readers the exact reason, why food and clothing cost them so much more, and why citizens and immigrants alike are vainly seeking land and homes, while there goes up in smoke money enough to feed starving Europe and starving China as well.

Brooklyn, Jan. 9.

A. C. ARTHUR.

Isn't it a shame?

Isn't it too bad, also, about the millions of pumpkin pies devoured in America in a year. Not alone is this pie about as chummy to the internals of our free-born Americans as dynamite—but look at the cost? Say that five millions of pumpkin pies are ingested each year north of the Mason-Dixon line, putting the cost of each pie reasonably at \$1.00. Five million times a dollar is \$5,000,000! Think of this criminal wastage—think how many pairs of pants for the nude youngsters of the Boo Loo Islands this amount of money would furnish!!!

Then about automobiles! Think of the thousands of motor cars our spend-

thrift population are buying and using, that could be dispensed with? Walking is too good for most people. Think, too, of the untold millions going in movie tickets! We could all just as well stay at home—and let this cash go to buying Presbyterian leaflets for the unwashed Armenians.

It's shameful.

THEN THINK HOW YOU'D ENJOY SEEING THE FOOL KILLER PAY HIS REGARDS TO THE ABOVE AND OTHER EQUAL IDIOTS!

* * *

Heartrending News

Pearl Regay "will sail for England, April 16, for a production engagement." We'll never feel the same again after she leaves—this marvelously intellectual creature with the beefy underpinnings.

* * *

More sobs! Old Man Harry Weber was compelled by Mr. Albee to turn over \$1,950.00 to Sterling & Grisman on a bloomer he had pulled.

* * *

Charlie King files petition in bankruptcy for \$1,175.00. And a nice boy, too.

"Yes, Sir!"

ORIGINAL DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND

won't let your feet behave

at

FOLIES BERGERE

50th and Broadway

AN ORIGINAL CHAT ABOUT MARION DAVIES

"It is quite funny, isn't it," we heard one girl say to another in a Fifth Avenue bus the other day, "how these artists call first one girl the 'most beautiful,' then another girl the 'most beautiful,' then a third the 'most beautiful' relating to girls of the stage and screen?"

This conversation was between two very well dressed young women, evidently society girls, en route to their home, and we wondered if they referred to one or two of the 'lesser lights,' who have been quoted by artists as being 'more beautiful' than this one, 'much more beautiful' than that one, and 'most beautiful' of all of them.

In justice to a great many really very beautiful young women of the American stage we believe that long before the day when some of these beauties were discovered, and, therefore, in a position to earn large salaries because of their screen or stage contracts, one or two girls were really earning money as artists' models,—and good money at that,—just because they *were* really beautiful, just simply posing, head and shoulders, for posters, calendars, covers of magazines, etc. Perhaps no girl achieved more popularity, and a good deal of prosperity in this respect, than Marion Davies, the beautiful young *Cosmopolitan* film star, who is the youngest, perhaps, of all the film stars now before the public, and a genuinely beautiful young woman. In fact Miss Davies' first claim to fame was through no lesser artist than Harrison Fisher, and Miss Davies tells the story on Miss Davies, of how she wanted some extra "pin money," and went to Harrison Fisher's studio on the recommendation of a "girl friend" in the "Chin Chin" chorus and immediately got a "job," posing for the celebrated colorist. "Part your hair in the middle and take your hat off, just before you knock on Harrison Fisher's door,"—the "girl friend" told beautiful Marion. But, even before this she was known up and down Broadway as the "beautiful kid" who came out of a Convent to "tread the boards." Mr. Fisher was so charmed with Miss Davies,—AND— with Miss Davies' disposition that he immediately asked her to pose for his celebrated painting, "Morning," copied by every magazine and newspaper in the world, and later the "slip of a blonde girl," who was then about 17, was called by none other than Howard Chandler Christy, "The Living Girl on the Magazine Cover," so many and so varied were the poses of Marion Davies used. James Montgomery Flagg, Penrhyn Stanlaws, Paul Helleu, Nell Brinkley, Howard Chandler Christy, W. T. Benda, Harrison Fisher, Hamilton King and Haskell Coffin have all, time and time again, painted Miss Davies, considering her, publicly and privately, as one of the most beautiful of nature's creations.

Marion Davies now is about 20 years old, and more attractive than ever before. She is a blonde, 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighing 115 lbs.—and being possessed, to quote the English E. O. Hoppe, who last week pronounced her "America's most beautiful blonde," of a complexion most nearly akin to the English girl's. A very neat piece of publicity was put over through Mr. Hoppe's opinion of Miss Davies' personal charms. On another page is carried Mr. Hoppe's criteria as to what a "perfect blonde," should be, which is of interest to American artists of the "rans" and "also rans," so as to learn the opinion of this portrayer of royalty, and the favorite photographer of Lady Diana Manners. Last year while Mr. Hoppe was here, as vice-president of The Decorative Art Group of Great Britain, he selected among America's most beautiful women Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, Mrs. William Astor Chandler, Miss Millicent Rogers, Mrs. W. K. Dick, Mrs. Angier B. Duke, Miss Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. Lewis Woodruff, and Mrs. Bryce Wing.

As we were closing this issue for the printer our friend Harry Hornik, dropped in fresh from the Motion Picture branch of Equity's meeting at Hotel Astor. Said everybody had a great time, lots accomplished and "keep your eye on Equity growth!" Among others who addressed the overflow were Presdt. John Emerson, Florence Reed and Secy. Gilmore and the enthusiasm was very great.

VARIETY ought to read up on the classics and not father Elbert Hubbard with Emerson's mousetrap.

The Ziegfeld Roof became glorious this week with its new 9 o'clock and midnight shows, retaining many of the old favorites.

QUESTION OF THE HOUR—Will Nora close up the show to avoid paying Julius his weekly 600 or keep it going and suffer? Broadway is tense.

RUMORED that a typical French restaurant in the Fifties is being reorganized under the names of "Pierre & Borgo" of "Paris, Long Beach and London." We often told our old friend Mr. Borgo that his name over a restaurant in N. Y. ought to be magical. We are therefore delighted.

* * *

Who is the "hero" in Dixieland Jazz Band on whom all the ladies are stuck?

* * *

They're thinking of hanging out the S. R. O. sign at those Sunday night course dinners at Moulin Rouge, where Billy Arnold's show delights the crowd. Master of ceremonies, the popular William Sheppert, and the capable manager, Albert V. Berryman, are wonders at handling the immense inflow of patrons. Incidentally, Billy Arnold tells us he expects to put on an entirely new revue in the near future. Billy also produces the show in the Garden Restaurant. By the way, Billy has another "production" in the shape of Arnold, Jr., two-years old, that he is prouder of than anything else.

* * *

Emlee Haddone mails us from Kansas City a paper containing a great, big picture of her charming self, and says she'll be back to Broadway about the 20th.

* * *

Vivienne Segal is to star in a new production called "Tangerine." Why hasn't this fascinating singing comedienne been back on Broadway long before this?

* * *

According to rumor another of the signposts of The Broadway That Was is to disappear. We hear that in August the famous Garden Restaurant will pass off the midnight map, the owners not intending to renew the lease. Many memories of twenty years cluster about the "Garden," dating back to the time when it was the Sterling, with a dining room half the present size, the entertainment being furnished by a quartette. In such humble beginnings, however, were laid the foundations of the present wonderful chain of "Rector" establishments owned by Sam Salvin and Jimmie Thompson. With the competition of its more modern and gorgeous sisters the Garden has slipped back. Many, nevertheless, will deeply mourn the dimming of its bright lights and the blotting out of so many familiar associations.



LILLIAN BRADLEY

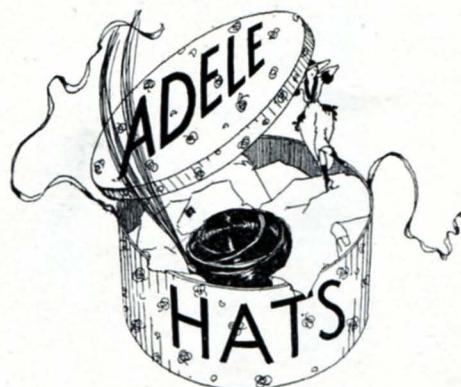
In your travels on Broadway you will seldom find as busy an office as that of Lillian Bradley in the Astor Building.

For many years "The Bradley Entertainers" have been famous, but it was not until the last two or three years that "Lillian," as she is better known to most of her acquaintances and admirers, settled down to placing acts on a large scale.

In that period her advance has been remarkable, due as much to her personal charm as to her success in finding places for her clients. You're seldom "out of work" if you have Lillian's telephone number or office address.

Recently she has taken on as manager of her extensive enterprises Ralph H. Revilo, formerly secretary to Geo. V. Hobart, and one of the most capable and up-to-date young men in his line. Things are humming at a greater rate than ever. Miss Bradley's business we understand having increased three-fold in the past few months. She has been placing acts in Montreal, Chicago, Albany and many other cities. She supplies talent for all occasions of clubs, social affairs, cabarets and the variety stage. When our representative called the other day Lillian happened to be booking a well-known prima-donna—in fact, nothing in the line of "work" can feaze her.

Broadway needs just such an enterprising woman agent as Lillian, so



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well qualified by her charms to take care of the needs and interests of her own sex among the vast army of professionals. We mustn't forget to add—what you probably know—that Miss Bradley herself is "some" artist. If you have heard her exquisite soprano voice in popular or operatic airs you'll know.

* * *

Inside Stuff on Waitresses

In a certain Broadway hotel that employs a lot of women waitresses, there is a lively antagonism on the part of the male waiters. One of them told us, the other night, when we kicked about the delay in bringing the order that the chef always favored the "skirts" and he and his fellows had to stand around the kitchen until they were attended to. He said the

chef and his subs kept busy dating up the waitresses. As regards tips the women help pick up five times as much in a day, "sauce" the captains and headwaiter as much as they please, and generally run the whole durn joint. To prove it, we overheard one of the Amazonian plate-jugglers in this place tell the captain the other night to go to a place where ice and snow are at a premium. And he never said boo.

* * *

On Sunday nights Johnny Steinberg and "Christo" have the time of their young lives on that Folies Bergere door. Sunday night there is the time when many of the "star" diners, such as Lew Brice, Bennie Davis, Lew Holtz, etc., entertain.

Apropos of the spotlight at present turned on Audrey Munson, do you remember the old New York Roof days, and how Audrey used to pose thereon with a glad smile and about three yards of cheese-cloth? Audrey supplied the smile and William Morris the cheese-cloth. But the police made her cheese it. Audrey's such a shrinking little thing! We used to sit right up against the orchestra and pass our time counting the blue veins on those nerve-racking legs.

* * *

Oh, yes, we must finish the story about Evvie Gosnell. She turned up in court and was fined \$10.00 for disorderly conduct.

* * *

Please page Vernon S——! and why the sudden disappearance of Miss H—— from that ever-loving Riverside Drive apt.?

* * *

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* * *

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